A TRIP ON A CATTLE BOAT

A CURIOUS EXPERIENCE ON THE RAGING MAIN.

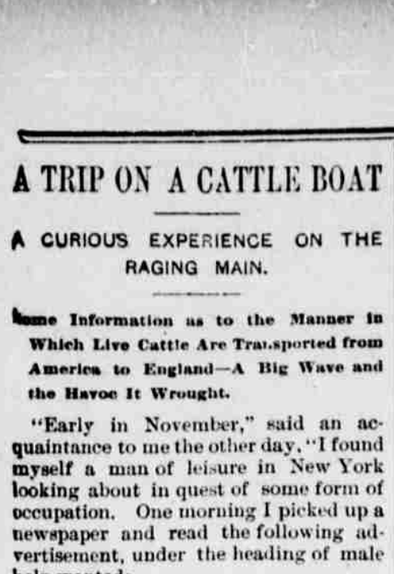
Some Information as to the Manner in Which Live Cattle Are Transported from America to England—A Big Wave and the Havoc It Wrought.

"Early in November," said an acquaintance to me the other day, "I found myself a man of leisure in New York looking about in quest of some form of occupation. One morning I picked up a newspaper and read the following advertisement, under the heading of male help wanted:

"A firm of stock shippers require men for a cattle boat. Free passage to England, board included. Apply —.

"The opportunity struck me as being a novel one, to say the least, and hurrying across the ferry to the Jersey City side I reached the thuriferous precincts of the stock yards.

"I was 'received' by a beetle browed fellow, with fat, dirty hands and muddy boots.



WE HAD 550 CATTLE ON BOARD.

"'Good sailor?' he asked, after I had told him that I had come in answer to the advertisement.

"'Fairly good, captain,' I replied.

"'Don't ye call me "captain." I ain't got nothin' to do wid the sailin' of the boat. I'm de boss of de cattle gang.'

"I accepted his apology with a mixture of grace and disgust. The fellow was repulsive to me, but necessity kicks aside the pangs of sentiment. With me work was a necessity. All of the other avenues were clogged, and I was determined to seek my bread by the route of the high seas.

"'What are the duties?' I asked, after he had intimated that I'd do.

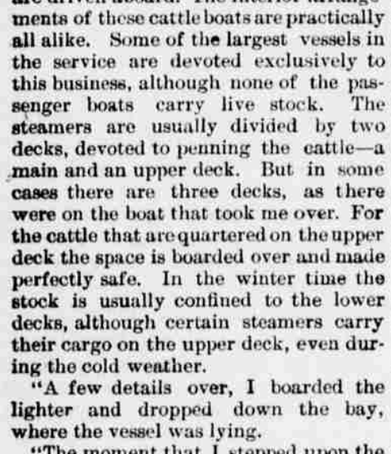
"You'll be put in charge of twenty-five head of stock. Go aboard and stand ready to tie your cattle when they're loaded. After we set sail your work'll be to feed and water the brutes, and poke 'em up if they all get throw'd in a heap. Four cattle go into each pen. Never let more than two of 'em lie down in a pen at one time.'

"I will first explain that the cattle are carried from the yards on lighters which drift alongside the steamer, where they are driven aboard. The interior arrangements of these cattle boats are practically all alike. Some of the largest vessels in the service are devoted exclusively to this business, although none of the passenger boats carry live stock. The steamers are usually divided by two decks, devoted to penning the cattle—a main and an upper deck. But in some cases there are three decks, as there were on the boat that took me over. For the cattle that are quartered on the upper deck the space is boarded over and made perfectly safe. In the winter time the stock is usually confined to the lower decks, although certain steamers carry their cargo on the upper deck, even during the cold weather.

"A few details over, I boarded the lighter and dropped down the bay, where the vessel was lying.

"The moment that I stepped upon the deck I was impressed with the fact that I had not fallen into any sinecure. A great number of cattle were already on board, it is true; but hard work was expected of all hands, and every man knew that he had to do his duty. The lighters kept up a constant coming and going all day. Officers and crew were actively getting ready for the start, while the foremen and cattlemen had all that they could attend to in receiving and 'stowing away' the stock.

"Weary and dragged out, dirty and hungry by the close of the day, we had 550 cattle on board in the hands of forty-four men—that is, a double or relief watch—under orders of the foreman and his assistant. Two hundred and fifty head of stock were placed on the upper deck, 200 on the main deck and 100 on the deck below, each man having found his fate in the forms of twenty-five of the four legged pets. Four of the animals were allotted to a pen, each bovine taking up 3 by 8 feet, and all being securely haltered and fed for the night.



ATTENDING THE CATTLE.

"The men were assigned to their quarters—a room by themselves in the steerage—and by the liberality of the boat company we were each supplied with bedding and dishes and expected to make ourselves more or less hugely comfortable on steerage rations, all messing together. Our duties were divided into watches of four hours each.

"Everything in readiness, we set sail on the following morning, at high tide, and in a little time, as the boat sped on, the gray shores of America faded in space and I found myself upon the wetted breast of the reaching ocean, far out amidst the thumping waves, and every bit of the poetry knocked out of my soul, as the atmosphere became heavy with the commands of the officers, the homesick bellowing of the brutes, the oaths of the foremen and the piercing, sharp 'hi!' 'hi!' 'hi!' of the cattlemen, all with long sticks in their hands, poking the stock in the ribs to keep them on their legs the first few hours out, and thus enable them to catch the swing of the boat at an early stage of the trip.

"The first three days out were passed in routine duty beneath a cloudless sky and over the most beautiful, the smoothest sea that I have ever sailed. Each day and night we fed and watered our charges; the idle watch, at off hours, always finding some slight means of divertisement. Some read; others told tales of sea and land, while the rougher element of the men killed time over the greasy card table and quarreled and puffed each other's eyes full of the smoke of bad tobacco.

"On the fourth morning I luckily escaped the dog watch. But soon after the 7 o'clock breakfast I was at my post again. My cattle seemed to recognize my approach and evince a token of gratitude. No doubt they realized that I treated them with kindness, while it appeared to be the hankering desire of the majority of the men to be more brutal towards the stock than the brutes themselves. I had barely finished my round of dealing out hay and water when suddenly a mighty gust of wind struck the boat.

"My cattle were on the upper deck, and I realized the full force of the hurricane, as its battering rams punched our ribs. Quicker than I can write it, another broadsider struck us. Black clouds instantly blotted out the sun. The sky grew as dark as night. All hands were called on deck. Coming up from the southwest, we could see a hideous mountain of storm rolling towards us, bounding at us, and the dense, frowning clouds split by blinding forks of lightning. In a moment the storm stood like a towering wall of death before us. The treacherous sea reared and bucked and pranced like a mad monster. The winds raved and tore and shook the boat as if it had been a toy, heaving her high on the crest of a frantic wave. Back we sank, with a swift and sickening lunge, into the valley of the waters, and the sea that had reared now pounced down upon our deck and broke with the thunder of a million guns.

"I have seen animals panic stricken in a billow of flame; but never before had I witnessed a scene such as this. Never do I want to see another one like it. My heart wept for the poor brutes as they caught the spirit of the coming disaster and bellowed and moaned in frightful distress.

THE SEA NOW POUNCED DOWN UPON OUR DECK.

"'Men, to the hatches!' came the stern command of officers to crew. Every ventilator was forced down air tight. But the work seemed like driving nails into the face of providence. Another wave, almost scaling the sky, it appeared, washed up and fell to pieces on our deck, crashing through all barriers. To save my own life I climbed into the hold and waited for the storm to die away.

"Scarcely five minutes did the hurricane last before it dashed off in a northerly direction, permitting us to speed out from beneath the crook of its elbow, while the death dealing monster whipped the foaming sea with its hideous tail.

"Strewn upon the deck were the dead forms of three of our men. The tragedy threw a pall over the entire force, and with all of the mercy of humanity, we lowered the bodies of our luckless mates into the sea. Upon taking an account of stock we found sixty-seven dead cattle on the upper deck and twelve that had died of suffocation on the lower deck. We stripped them of their hides and threw their carcasses to the fishes."

This was the most exciting incident of my friend's trip. In time the ship arrived on the other side, and he returned to America satisfied with his experience and determined to earn his living some other way.

After all, the vocation of a cattle boat man is not one that I would be likely to heartily recommend to any person possessed of a delicate (or a sensitive) physical organization. At the same time there are many men who do try it, and apparently it agrees with them, for they stick to it. And the demand for this class of help has increased until there are now 1,500 men regularly employed in taking care of cattle engaged in the boat traffic between this port and England.

In fact, with the exception of one steamship line running from Canada which carries cattle, New York is the sole exporting point for live stock to Europe. There are only about four firms engaged here in the business and one Baltimore house, which ships from New York. Liverpool and London are the principal destinations.

ARDENNES JONES-FOSTER.

IS ANYBODY HAPPY?

ARE MARRIED PERSONS HAPPIER THAN SINGLE ONES?

"Man Never Is, but Always to Be, Blessed!" The Happiness of Youth Is the Scorn of Maturity—"The Wise Man's" Happiness. It Cannot Be Made Certain.

[Copyright, 1890.]

A little while ago I was asked to write a brief paper answering the question, What was the happiest moment of your life?

I replied to that, and truly, the happiest moment of my own life was the one in which I could lay before those whom they concerned the proofs that I had fulfilled the great task of my life, had paid the last penny of Frank Leslie's indebtedness, and cleared the memory of that noble man from the stigma of debt which clouded his last moments.

But, after all, was that a moment of happiness? A moment of satisfaction, a moment of triumph, a moment of honorable pride—yes, it was all of this; but the bitterness of the strife through which that peace was conquered, the lonely weariness of labors beyond my strength, the yearning for the word of loving thanks I could never hear—all these came in, and so embittered the sweetness of that thought, so dimmed the glory of that sunshine, that after all I cannot call it a moment of happiness.

But if it was not, I do not know that I ever felt happiness, and in looking around among my friends and acquaintances I am inclined to wonder if anybody really is or can be truly happy.

I do not mean just amused or free from care; children are that, but I do not call them happy, for they cannot know how fortunate they are, and happiness must involve a mental contrast with some other condition in which we might have been involved; my happiness in paying those debts was the outcome of the misery of not being able to pay them; the happiness of the traveler's return home is the contrast with the separation and homelessness of his travels.

We have all heard of the Indian whom the missionary found pounding his own finger with a brick. The good man thought it was a penance and was applauding the piety of his neophyte, who, however, interrupted him to explain, with a solemn grin, that "Much poundee, much achee; feel muchee good when leave off."

Perhaps, then, happiness for us who know our world is only the absence of pain or trouble, and as the child does not know about pain and trouble, it cannot really know happiness.

But older children, babes between 15 and 25, what of them? Girls do not know much of the sorrow or care of existence if they have a father to provide the means of life, and a mother to ward off worries and responsibilities, and young men with somebody to make a place for them in the world, and to bolster them up in it, have as little real knowledge of the rough side of life as they have of rheumatism.

But are these girls and boys truly happy? No, for they are, both consciously and unconsciously, in a transition and therefore in an unsatisfied condition; the girl is looking forward more or less frankly to the day when some Mr. Right shall come along and invite her to become the queen consort of a little kingdom of their own, shall introduce her into some ideal condition of life wherein she shall find happiness; and however fortunate her girlhood she seldom looks upon it as more than a vestibule and waiting room through which one passes to life.

As for the young man, he does not know or care anything about happiness. If you spoke to him of the subject, he would probably reply that he didn't "go in for sentiment," that he supposed he did as well as other fellows, or that there wasn't much the matter with the world so far as he was concerned.

Or, if he is the *blasé* and cynical style of young man, he will reply with some Byron-and-water speech about the world being a beastly hole, in which happiness is only possible to fools and puppies, causing one to close one's lips very firmly lest they should unclose in an obvious and unseemly retort.

A little later on, there is a condition which I suppose comes as near true happiness as anything this world affords; it is the early married life of two persons really in love, and really adapted by age, education, tastes and temper for companionship with each other. To such a couple, with money enough between them to free them from the sordid cares and anxieties of life, there may come a few weeks—nay, let us be liberal and say a few months—of almost perfect happiness; but oh, my heart! how sure it is to change as time goes on! The honeymoon itself wanes steadily from the hour of its perfection, and though other moons may come, and be very bright and very beautiful, that especial moon comes no more.

And, in later life, how few people, if you ask them what has been the happiest hour of their existence, would place it in the present epoch of life. As a rule they go back to childhood's ignorant carelessness, or to youth's calcium lighted and impossible dreams of a future that never came.

One man of my acquaintance, when asked the above question, replied:

"The happiest moments of my existence are when, after a really good dinner with good wines, I seat myself in my study chair, my slippered feet upon a rest, a capital cigar between my teeth, a steady light falling over my left shoulder, and an interesting magazine or book in my hands. Then, if nobody disturbs me, I experience for two or three hours the fullest sense of happiness of which *my* human nature is capable."

"And you do not include human companionship in your recipe?"

"No, my dear madame. All through the day I have a great deal more human companionship than I want, and if I feel the desire for it in the evening I had rather come to see you than to have anybody in the world come to see me."

"A very pretty compliment, but a very selfish idea of happiness," responded I; and he:

"Let us talk of the phœnix, or of the island of Atlantis, or of the man in the moon; any one of them is more tangible than this myth which you call happiness."

I asked a good man—or at any rate he was a clergyman, and so I suppose a good man—what happiness means and where it is to be found, and he picked up a Bible off his table and read aloud:

"'And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any joy; * * * and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun. * * * Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive. Yea, better is he than both they which hath not yet been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun.'

"That is the verdict of Solomon, the wisest man who ever lived," said my friend the parson as he laid down the book, "and he seems to think that happiness is an unattainable condition."

And so the man of the world and the man of God come to the same conclusion by different paths and without a thought in common. Then I asked a bright and most charming woman, one no longer young but by no means old, one who has "lain in the lilies and fed on the roses of life," and yet has known enough of the other side to give her an "all round" experience and sympathy.

"Is there such a thing as happiness in the world?" asked I, and she, with a steady look out of her lovely eyes, replied:

"For you and me, no. We have the bad habit of thinking, and thought is fatal to what you call happiness. The only happy people are they who do not know that they are happy, and do not know what happiness means."

"Isn't that rather a bull?"

"Yes, my dear, and life is a bull."

A little disheartened in my quest, I next applied to a person neither cynical, nor pious, nor bright—a dear, pretty little butterfly who has danced and fluttered over the parterres of fashion for more years than we talk about.

"Happiness!" chirruped she in reply to my stereotyped inquiry, "why, of course, there's any amount of happiness going, and I'm sure nobody gets a bigger share of it than you," etc., etc.

"Yes, but *you*," interrupted I, "tell me, now, what is your chief form of happiness since you have so much?"

"Well, let me see. It's when I have a really good box at the Academy on a first night, and can see that there isn't a better dressed woman in the balcony, and have a lot of nice men crowding to get a word with me; that's happiness of one sort. Then, when I receive and have secured some lion that hasn't roared in anybody else's rooms, and that everybody is dying to see, and oh! to have people besiege you for invitations, and to appear at a garden party or somewhere where there's lots of room in a gown just that minute imported and see all the other women looking you over. Why, there's no end of happiness to be got out of life if you only have simple and easily contented tastes like mine."

"I see," replied I thoughtfully. "But I've done all that, and still I am not happy."

One day a dear old lady, a friend of my mother's, sent for me to pay her a little visit, and as I looked at her placid face and peaceful eyes I said to myself:

"There is such a thing as happiness, and she has found it," and I asked her if my surmise was not correct. She thought it over for a moment, and then with her own smile said:

"I am afraid I never really found it, my dear, although I often thought I had, but I believe fully that there is such a thing and I am going to find it soon. It lies the other side of the river, however, so I cannot describe it to you."

"And is there no happiness this side of the river?" asked I wistfully.

"The happiness of this world is hope. 'Man never is, but always to be, blessed,'" replied my friend, and as I pursued my lonely drive I thought over that last word, and found it a true one. Everybody who is in possession of some degree of happiness is looking forward to a higher degree. The money maker only values the profits of today because they are the basis of larger ones to-morrow; the girl enjoys to-night's dance because it is the herald of a call, of a drive, of a something more in the future. The artist or the author loves his work a little for itself, and a good deal for the fame and the social position and the prestige it will bring to him. The politician says: '*When* I am in congress, or when I am in the White House, I shall reap the reward of all this," and probably the president and his family in the recesses of their private chambers murmur: "*When* we are quietly settled at home again we shall have time for some real happiness."

But it is a well known quibble of the cynic that nobody ever yet attained to to-morrow's happiness, for to-morrow attained becomes today.

One thing, however, is certain: the simpler the conditions, the easier it is to fulfill them; expect but little, and you can't be disappointed of a great deal. Does this apply to persons as well as things and surroundings? Is a single person more likely to be happy than a double one? Are bachelors and maids happier than married folk? It is a big question, and perhaps will find as many voices in the negative as in the affirmative, but my individual answer would be, The single person cannot be as *unhappy* as the double one, and although the bliss of married life such as I at first described is great, so is also the misery of an ill assorted or disastrous marriage. The loneliness of a loving heart is hard to bear, and the longing for protecting and sympathetic companionship is very sorrowful and depressing, but the burden of enforced companionship with a husband who has become an object of aversion and terror is a great deal harder to bear, and the slavery of dependence upon an unwilling and grudging master is far more bitter and unendurable.

It is, after all, a good deal like gambling: you stake your dollar and you may win five or you may lose all. Probably the wisest plan, certainly the most obvious advice, is:

Don't put up your dollar!

MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ROADS.

What Experiment Has Proved — Some Opinions from Rhode Island.

Experiments on the amount of tractive force required to move a load show that it will take eight horses to draw a truck and load weighing 9,000 pounds on firm soil covered with gravel four to six inches deep. On earth embankment in good condition the work can be done by a force equaling two and one-half horses. On broken stone road in good condition the same load can be hauled by a force of one and one-quarter horses, and on the same road in bad condition, with ruts four to four and one-half inches deep and thick mud, five horses will be required. But on a good, dry pavement one good horse can move the same load all day.

On the subject of good and bad roads the following from the pen of the late Dr. J. G. Holland draws a comparison unfavorable to the existing road system in America:

"The point which I wish to impress upon my American reader is simply this: that the English horse, employed in the streets of a city or on the roads of the country, does twice as much work as the American horse similarly employed in America. This is the patent, undeniable fact. No man can fail to see it who has his eyes about him. How does he do it? Why does he do it? These are most important questions to an American. Is the English horse better than the American horse? Not at all. Is he overworked? I have seen no evidence that he is. I have seen but one lame horse in London. The simple explanation is that the Englishman has invested in perfect and permanent roads what the American expends in perishable horses that require to be fed.

"We are using today in the little town of Springfield just twice as many horses as would be necessary to do its business if the roads all over the town were as good as Main street is from Ferry to Central. We are supporting hundreds of horses to drag loads through holes that ought to be filled, over sand that should be hardened, through mud that ought not to be permitted to exist. We have the misery of bad roads and are actually or practically called upon to pay a premium for them. It would be demonstrably cheaper to have good roads than poor ones. It is so here. A road well built is easily kept in repair. A mile of good macadamized road is more easily supported than a poor horse."

The expense of building good roads is an important item, and the macadam is too expensive for country byways and crossroads, and, in fact, is only feasible where travel is extensive. Macadam 30 feet wide and 9 inches thick in the center requires 5,500 tons of broken stone to the mile. The cost of stone varies from 70 cents to $2 a ton, and this would bring the cost of surface material up to $3,850 to $11,000 a mile. A macadam road has recently been made near Philadelphia at an average of about $3,000 a mile for six miles, but there was a good foundation to work on. At Bridgeport, Conn., forty miles of good macadam, 18 to 20 feet wide, including grading, cost a trifle under $3,000 a mile.

The committee on improvement of highways, Rhode Island division of the League of American Wheelmen, recently received two important letters upon the subject of good and bad roads which are of general interest. Ex-Governor Henry Howard, of Rhode Island, says:

"I am very glad to learn that there is some prospect of legislation in regard to our faulty highway system. When I returned from my first and prolonged visit to Europe I could scarcely believe that I had all my life been familiar with such roads as met my eye on my return. In no part of my travels had I seen roads so poor as is the rule in our country towns; and I had been in some out of the way places, too. We are more wasteful in this respect than in all other things put together. Comparing the rural sections of Europe with those of our country, there is no doubt, I think, but that a horse there performs double the duty he does here, and therefore is worth twice as much. It would be the highest economy to put all our roads in a permanently good condition. When it is once done the annual expense is as nothing to the money which is expended now without any beneficial results. There is no class to which highways are so advantageous as to farmers. If they could be induced to give the subject sufficient consideration they would soon put a stop to this egregious folly of 'working out the tax.'"

The president of the Rhode Island Domestic Industry society writes:

"As to the matter of highway improvements, I think it is of the greatest importance to the prosperity of our agricultural communities that some change should be made in their care.

"At present in some parts of our state there is a gradual shrinkage in the value of our farming property, owing, in my opinion, to the want of better highway communication.

"In my own town, Scituate, we have about seventy-two miles of highway, divided into about sixty road districts, and in some of these districts, I fear, the road taxes have been expended on the 'working out or standing out plan.' Last spring, at our annual town meeting, it was decided to make a change by appointing road commissioners, the number not to exceed three. This change takes effect this coming spring, and I hope that suitable road machinery may be supplied them, so that our road taxes may be used to better advantage. As to the present condition of the roads in our state there can be but one opinion—they need to be improved; as to how it should be done I have no plans. It might be well for the legislature to appoint a committee to take the matter into consideration and recommend some law that should be applicable throughout the state."

Millions of dollars throughout the north and west have been tied up this fall and winter because of the mud blockade on the roads. This ought to set every one to thinking how it could be avoided. No one is responsible for the bad roads, but it is only a question of time when farmers, merchants and drivers will wake up to having their roads built as the bridges are, on a cash basis by a contractor under bonds.—Exchange.

TO CHANGE DIRT ROAD TO MACADAM

Shall Convict Labor Be Employed at Road Making?

The modern system of making roads is a compound of two systems, used in England in the early part of the century by Telford and Macadam respectively.

MACADAM.

Telford was an engineer and Macadam a road maker. The latter undoubtedly originated the principle of using small fragments of stone for roadways. Telford insisted upon a stone foundation composed of irregular stone from six to eight inches in size as base, to prevent the smaller stone from being pushed into the ground in soft places, and to insure good drainage. Macadam denied the usefulness of the foundation, and engineers are yet divided on the question.

Macadam's rule for the size of the fragments, termed road metal, was six ounces in weight. A cube of one and one-half inches of compact limestone weighs about six ounces.

Roadways with the macadam top and with or without the Telford base may be constructed from a common dirt road. The method for such work is described in a recent article in The Philadelphia Record. A variety of macadam roads are now under way in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and this article evidently treats the matter from a practical point of view:

"In building a macadamized road from a common dirt road it is essential that the surface should be scraped or excavated in order to give a good foundation for the layer of broken stone. The earth is then thoroughly rolled, in order to compact it and prevent the broken stone from sinking too deeply in the soft earth. If the Telford foundation is used the stones, which are from six to eight inches in size, are set in position on the rolled earth and covered with a six-inch layer of macadam metal, broken so as to pass through a two and one-half inch ring. This is then rolled with a steam roller, the pattern most commonly used being a 15-ton machine, costing $5,000, though 20-ton and 30-ton machines are in use.

TELFORD.

"When it is found that the metal will not yield to the roller the bed is ready for another layer of stone, which should be six inches deep in the center, sloping to the sides, and again compactly rolled. A top dressing of fine broken stone, usually the screenings from a crusher, and not exceeding three-quarters of an inch in largest dimensions, is spread over the road to a depth of two inches. A steam roller will compact these screenings to a smooth surface and the road is ready for travel. The rolling is facilitated and greater compactness secured if the stone is thoroughly sprinkled. Unless a great volume of traffic is to pass over the road it is not necessary to have the metal a foot thick, a depth of eight inches being sufficient for ordinary travel."

In using the macadam on a common dirt road, without the Telford foundation, the metal is placed upon the hard rolled surface in a uniform layer not exceeding 6 inches in depth. This layer is compactly rolled, and then another layer of metal is spread on and treated in the same way, and so on until the roadway is completed according to The Record's description of the Telford road.

The great expense of macadam roads is an obstacle to their general adoption. A method for reducing the expense is suggested by The New York Journal of Commerce in an editorial given below:

"It would pay everywhere to construct the best macadamized roads, and the work should be undertaken by the state where long thoroughfares are required. We have often suggested that it need cost very little if the convicts and criminals who cannot be given their liberty because of their unrestrained depravity were employed at the task. This would effect a double object. It would build splendid roads at small cost throughout the length and breadth of the land, and it would tend to restrain crime. It is little hardship to the burglar or the highwayman to keep him in a prison where he is well fed and clothed and better cared for on the whole than the average of honest laborers who support themselves. If he was set to breaking stone and road building in a chain gang, and made to eat his bread in the sweat of his face, under a burning July sun or in the chill of winter, he would not think that conviction of crime was such a light matter."

A Graceful Writing Table.

WRITING TABLE.

Here is a suggestion of a lady's writing table pure and simple. The principal feature of the thing is the inclosing, by means of a fan, of the stationary cabinet on the table top. This elegant bijou contrivance forms a refreshing alternative to the oft repeated curtain element now so commonly used as a recess dust excluder. The oblong panel, just above, might consist of a Bartolozzi tinted print, framed in by a broad band of silk or plush. This class of treatment is now "the rage," and makes a welcome change from the beveled glass plate so frequently resorted to for this purpose.